"WE."

When I was young, some years ago—
How many?—well, I do not know—
I formed a feeling very intense
For a lady young, and rich, and fair,
Who bore a pleasing business air,
And filled an editorial chair
On the "Journal of Common Sense."

I wooed her long and tenderly,
And asked myself, "Does she love me?"
I thought she did. I was elate
With hope, for when she spoke to me,
She always used the plural "we,"
As though we were in a holy state—
Mated and married, don't you see?
Ah me, how happy we would be!
Did she love me? Well, I confess
I thought she'd gladly answer "yes."

I plucked up courage, asked if she
Would be a little wife to me;
She prefaced her reply with "we"—
I almost jumped and kissed her.
And then she said in accents free:
"Ah that, ah that can never be,
But 'we' will be a sister."
Oh, miserable me; I then did see
The pronoun she had used with me
Was only editorial "we."
—Frank Pemmon, in Yankee Blade.

FREEZING TO DEATH.

It Is Pleasant, But Not So the Restoration to Life.

A Memorable Night Ride in Maine in the Cold Winter of 1840—Remarkable Sagacity Displayed By a Horse—Excruciating Torture.

"Freeze to death if you want to. You will like it. But don't let any body fetch you to again. That will almost kill you."

That was the strange remark made by Captain R. L. Zely, of Uniontown, who gravely declared that in the terribly rigorous winter 1839-'40 he was "actually frozen to death," which declaration he supplemented with the above remark.

"The first snow of that season," said the Captain, "fell the last week in October, 1839. The last snow of the season came May 16, 1840. Between these two dates there wasn't less than six feet of snow on the level all the time, and where the wind had full sweep twenty feet was no uncommon thing to see. We had eight months of uninterrupted sleighing, and the thermometer for five months was at no time higher than twenty degrees above zero, while most of the time it sported between fifteen and twenty below.

"This was in Maine. I had an interest in some lumber that year up in the Piscataquis country, and it was necessary in February, 1840, for me to go into that region and look after my interests. It was a long journey, but the sleighing was like glass, and I had one of the best horses that ever lived. If he hadn't been I wouldn't be here to-day to tell what occurred to me on that trip.

"The second day of my journey the weather was as cold as twenty below zero could make it, and was gradually getting colder. I know I would reach one of those queer little villages common to the Maine backwoods early that evening. There I intended to stay all night and drive on next morning to the house of the agent of the lumber property, twelve miles further along. I reached the village and found that there was no tavern there. Accommodations were offered me as a private house, but I was informed that I could not obtain a drop of water for my horse in the entire settlement. There had been no rain since winter set in, and there wasn't a well or a spring anywhere in the region in which there was a drop of water. The nearest water was in the Piscataquis river, nearly three miles distant, to which what stock there was in the village was driven every day to drink and enough water was carried back in buckets to keep the personal wants of the villagers supplied. My horse was badly in need of water, and I couldn't think of letting him go all night without a drink. So I ate my supper at the village house, and, finding that I must drive on to the river if my horse was to have his much-needed drink that night, I made up my mind that I might as well keep right on to the agent's as to drive back to the village after watering my horse.

"It was a starlight night, but the air was filled with that peculiar frozen mist frequently noticeable in high, frosty localities. As we neared the river this haze became more dense, until finally it was with difficulty that I could see any thing ahead of me. It was almost like passing through a storm of scaly ice. Suddenly—I was thinking that we must be almost on the margin of the river—there came a crackling sound, a loud splash of water, and the next second my horse was floundering about in water, which also covered the sleigh and the robes and myself up to my waist. In that thick bank of icy mist the horse had plunged into the river below where I had been told to cross, and had broken throught the thin ice that had formed since the ice had been cut away that evening to give the cattle from the village a place to drink. The water splashed about by the horse soon drenched the rest of me, and in less time than I can tell it I was coated with a rapidly thickening armor of ice. I guess my noble beast must have floundered at least a minute in that hole before he knew exactly what had happened. When the situation did come to him he became quiet, threw his fore feet up, and lodged them both on the ice with a concerted blow like a trip-hammer. The ice was thick, but beneath that blow an immense cake was broken off and carried down under the edge of the ice below. The horse swam onward, dragging the sleigh with it, through the rapidly-freezing slush. Once more he pounded the ice ahead of him with his powerful fore feet, and again the ice yielded. During all this time I was shouting for help. I might, at the first breaking in of the horse, have turned and leaped back to shore, but I did not collect my thoughts in time. It was now too late, and even if it had not been I was so stiffened by the casing of ice that I couldn't have moved to save myself from death. The horse kept on, and, strange as it may seem, broke a channel for fifty feet across that river and drew the sleigh out safely on the other side. Then he started off at the top of his speed toward our destination. He soon struck the road, and away we went.

"I knew that although one danger was escaped a greater was before us, and I urged the horse on. My sleigh robes and my clothing had frozen so solid that if I had been encased in iron I could not have been more motionless. My horse was naturally jet black, but his icy coating made him stand out even against that frozen mist like a specter horse. I could not move even my hands. We were not yet half way to the agent's house when I found myself growing drowsy. I could no longer use my voice. The clatter of the horse's hoofs and the creaking of the runners on the icy road sounded to me like thunder claps and weird, hideous cries. I knew that I was freezing, but I labored hard to rouse my will and fight with it against my fate. The stars looked like great coals of fire, although before they could be seen but dimly through the peculiar haze. The trees, their branches covered with snow, took on the shapes of gigantic and fantastic ghosts. Still I preserved all my powers of reasoning. Finally I found myself growing deliciously warm. An indescribable languor, attended with pleasant visions, took possession of me. I heard sweet strains of music where before only tumult and startling cries had assailed my ears. Still, knowing what all this meant, I made one more mental effort to shake off the deadly spell. That was all.

"I don't know how far I was awa from my destination when I thus froze to death, but I was after a time made aware that I was being called back to existence by suffering such torture as the victim of the rack might feel. Greater agony I could not feel. Suddenly at my feet the pricking of a million needles assaulted my flesh. Torturing me at that spot a moment until I writhed in agony, it dashed quickly up my legs, stopping an instant here and there, as if gloating over my misery, and then crawled with awful pain slowly upward, until it seemed that tiny jets of the flame were being blown into my body, heart and brain. The intensity of this agony was not constant. If it had been I must have died again. It came in torturing waves. Each wave was a trifle less furious than its predecessor, until at last the storm was passed and I found myself a weak, speechless, limp, and helpless mortal lying on a robe before the fireplace of my friend the agent.

"He had brought me back to life, but, as true as I tell you, I did not feel it in my heart at the time to thank him for doing it. When I was strong enough to bear it he told me that soon after going to bed he was aroused by the peculiar and loud neighing of a horse. He got up and looked out of the window. He saw a sight that startled him—a ghostly horse with a ghostly sleigh and a ghostly driver—in the road before his door. As soon as he could recover himself he hurried out. Discovering that the horse's driver was dead, he carried him to the house and laid him on the floor and then recognized me in the driver. Knowing that if he could resuscitate me nothing could be done toward it until the robe and clothing were thawed away, he made the fire blaze and hurried out to the rescue of the faithful horse that had reasoned with himself that he must stop at the first house he came to on that terrible night, and that my life depended on it.

"By the time the horse was cared for I was in shape to be brought back to life, if it could be done. I was stripped and rubbed briskly with snow-water for over an hour before I gave any evidence that I might be called back. Then another hour was spent in the same treatment when a spoonful of brandy was poured down my throat. After that circulation of my blood began, and so did the agony I described. That suffering continued for an hour and then I was pronounced once more alive. And that coming back over the boundary makes me ache yet whenever I think of it. I didn't mind the dying. That, in fact, was rather a pleasure. But the coming to life! If ever I freeze to death again I want it known that the man who resuscitates me does so at his peril."—Harrisburg Cor. N. Y. Times.

CHINESE BRICK TEA.

An Article That Is Both Food and Drink to Mongolians and Siberians.

It is well known that most of the tea intended for consumption in European Russia has been diverted from the overland route and now goes to Russia by steamer, either via London or direct to Odessa. The finest tea of all, owing to a prevalent opinion that sea carriage impairs the flavor, still goes overland; but though Russians are in the habit of paying prices for tea unheard of in this country, the caravans would have little to depend on now if they trusted for support to the tea which still continues to go overland to Russia. They rely, however, on the carriage of the coarse brick tea which is consumed in Mongolia, Manchuria and Siberia. On my way back to Pekin from visiting the Great Wall, I met numerous large armed caravans of camels, laden with tea, and often preceded by a picturesque, fierce-looking Tartar horseman, lance in hand, who glared rather ferociously at the strange "foreign devil." The demand for brick tea—manufactured at Hankow, three hundred miles up the Yang-Tse-Kiang, and Foo-Choo on the Min, whence it is shipped to Tien-Tsin—is great and annually increasing, the inhabitants of Mongolia, Manchuria and Siberia using it both as food and drink, while sometimes it even takes the place of currency, the value of articles being calculated in bricks of tea. In spite of the fact that this trade is so hopelessly weighted by the enormous charges for overland carriage, the demand is so great that more than 60,000,000 pounds, principally brick, were conveyed overland in 1887 to Mongolia, Siberia and Russia, via Kalgan—that is to say, an amount equal to about one-third of the total annual consumption of Great Britain. It is therefore not difficult to imagine the sudden development which will take place in this trade alone, when a not inconsiderable proportion of the heavy overland charges are knocked off by the advent of a railway. And tea is only one of the many specific articles of commerce for which this railway will create an intensified demand. Coal, for instance, which is found within sixty miles of the capital, and now costs from £3 to £4 per ton at Pekin, will probably be reduced in price to considerably under £1.—Blackwood's Magazine.

THE MODERN PIANO.

A Condensed History of the Evolution of the Popular Instrument.

The piano, as we see it to-day, is the growth of centuries of invention. In its infancy it was a harp with two or three strings. From time to time more strings were added, and after a while the cithara was born. The cithara was in the shape of the letter P, and had ten strings.

It took many centuries for musicians to get the idea of stretching the strings across an open box, but somewhere about the year 1200 this was thought of, and the dulcimer made its appearance, the strings being struck with hammers.

For another hundred years these hammers were held in the hand of the player, and then a genius invented a keyboard, which, being struck by the fingers, moved the hammers.

This instrument was called a clavicytherium, or keyed cithara. This underwent some modifications and improvements from time to time. In Queen Elizabeth's time it was called a virginal. Then it was called a spinet, because the hammers were covered with spines or quills, which struck or caught the strings of wires and produced the sound. From 1700 to 1800 it was much enlarged and improved, and called a harpsichord, and this was the instrument that Lady Washington, Mrs. Hamilton and the fine ladies of our revolutionary times played upon.

In 1710, Bartolomeo Cristofoli, an Italian, invented a keyboard, such as we have now substantially, which caused the hammers to strike the wires from above, and thus developed the piano.

In the past 150 years there is no musical instrument which has so completely absorbed the inventive faculty of man as the piano. The reason is obvious; it is the household instrument par excellence.—Toledo Blade.

—Miss A. A. Crisp, a famous professional nurse, who had received the decoration of the royal red cross from Queen Victoria, recently married one of the physicians of the New Zealand hospital, of which she had charge. Her wedding gown was the costume of her profession, and the bridemaids were nineteen nurses, all in uniform.